Toronto University

Glee Club Collection

of

Male Choruses



WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Limited
Winnipeg and Toronto

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

Words by WILLIAM DUTHIE.* Harmonized for Male Voices by T. M.

Tempo marziale.

1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rushing bil-low, Wave on wave that
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of arrow. Who would think of

'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spearmen, Saxon bowmen,—Be they knights or
Hurl the reel-ing horseman ov-er! Let the earth dead foemen cover! Fate of friend, of

surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
hinds or yeomen, They shall bite the ground!
death or sorrow? Death is glo-ry now!
wife, of lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow!

Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer
Strands of life are riv-en; Blow for blow is

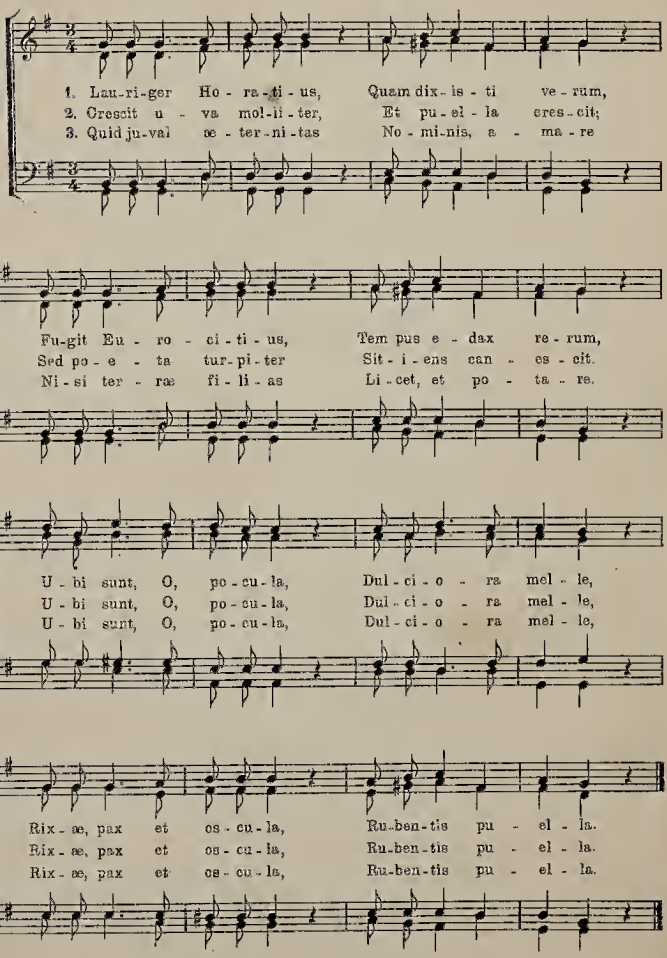
un-der! The pla-cid sky, now bright on high, Shall launch its bolts in
giv-en In dead-ly lock or bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to

thun-der. On-ward! 'tis our coun-try needs us. He is brav-est, he who leads us!
hea-ven! Men of Har-lech! young or hoar-y, Would you win a name in sto-ry?

Hon-our's self now proud-ly leads us! Cam-bria, God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glor-y! Cam-bria, God, and Right!

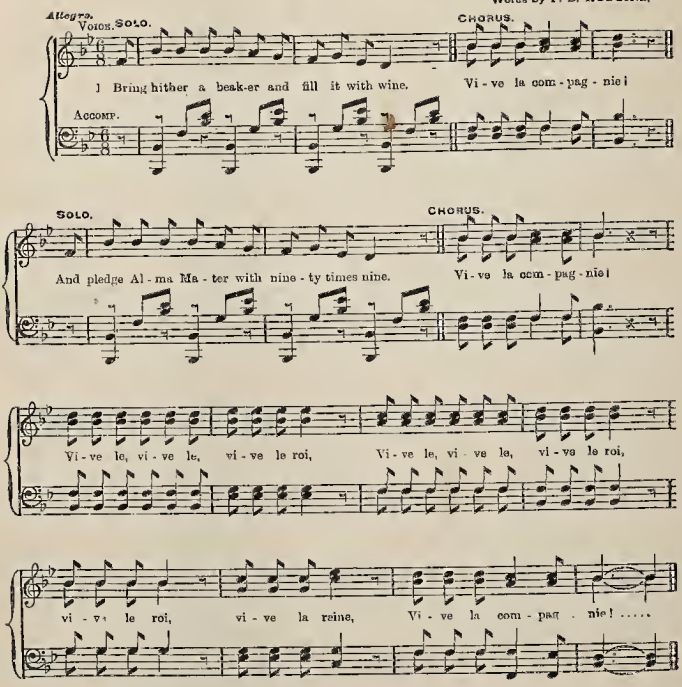
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LAURIGER HORATIUS.



VIVE LA COMPAGNIE.

Words by F. B. HODGINS.



2. Here's to the Senators, all in a row,
But what they are good for I really don't know.

3. The Professors come next, and they're not a bad lot,
There are some that are good, and there are some that are not.

4. Here's to the Ladies—they do as they please,—
Take our places in street-cars and class-lists with ease.

5. Here's to the Freshman, of brazen fifteen,
In his cap and his gown day and night he is seen.

6. Here's to the Bedel, who carries the mace,
As he walks up the aisle he's the model of grace.

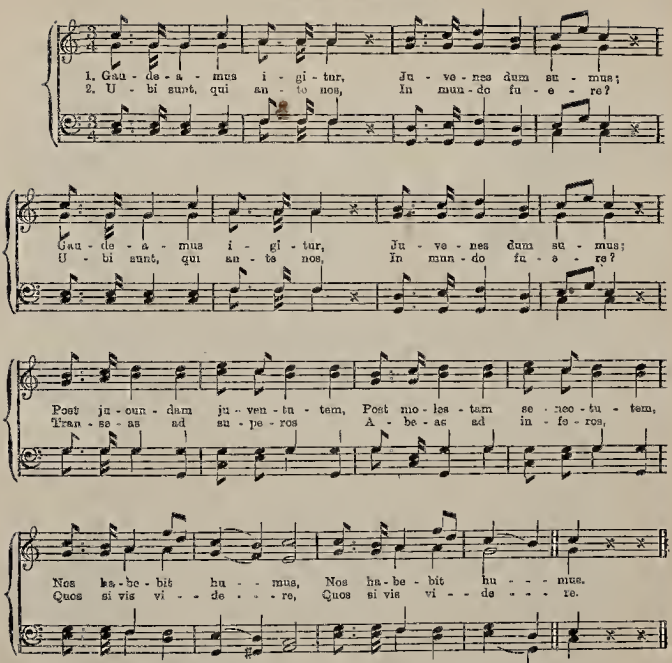
7. Here's to the Janitor—here's to the Twins,
You can't tell them apart, they're as like as two pins.

8. Here's to ourselves—we're the best of the crowd,
We're too modest to mention our praises out loud.

9. Here's to the fellow who sings out of tune,
We'll choke him right off, for he can't die too soon.

10. Here's to Exams.; but we've drained the last drop,
So I think it is time for this ditty to stop.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.



3. Vita nostra brevis est
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4. Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet
Semper sint in flore.

5. Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ!
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ.

6. Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

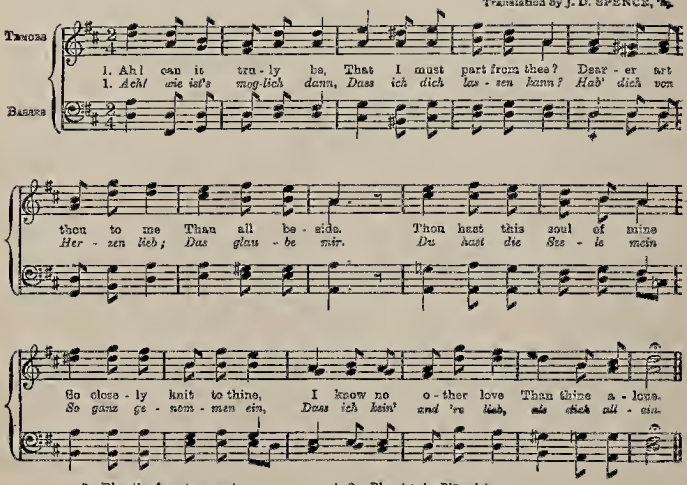
7. Alma mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos, congregavit.

8. Vivat et republica
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

9. Pereat tristitia
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

TREUE LIEBE.

Translation by J. D. SPENCE, '79.



2. Blue the forget-me-not,
Emblem of constancy;
Close press it to thy breast,
And think of me.
Though flower and hope decay,
Rich we in love alway:
My heart's deep love for thee
Never can die.

3. Were I a bird, on high
Far through the air I'd fly;
No hawk should daunt me then,
Winging to thee.
Struck by the huntsman's dart,
Sinking upon thy heart,
There, should'st thou weep for me,
Fain would I die.

2. *Blau ist ein Blümelein*
Das heisst Vergissmeinnein;
Dies Blümlein leg' ans Herz,
Und denke mein.
Stirbt Blum' und Hoffnung gleich,
Wir sind an Liebe reich,
Denn die stirbt nie bei mir;
Das glaube mir.

3. *Wär' ich ein Vogelein,*
Bald wollt' ich bei dir sein,
Scheut' Falk' und Habicht nicht,
Flög' schnell zu dir.
Schiess' mich ein Jäger tot,
Fiel ich in deinen Schoss,
Sähst du mich traurig an,
Gern stürb' ich dann.

GOOD - NIGHT.



2. Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;
Farewell, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
Merrily, etc.

3. Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies; we're going to leave you now,
Merrily, etc.

Just Because.

H. T. BURLEIGH.

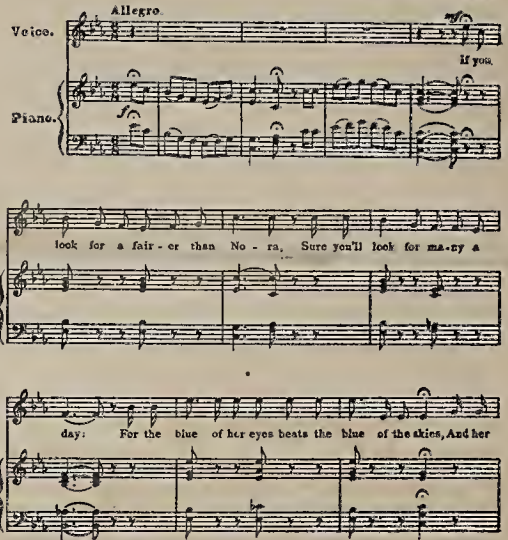


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To Marie Celeste Stranahan.

NORA.

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